

lon to a girl who had known only the most conventional atmosphere.

"Travers had been educated after a desultory fashion by his father. A strange medley of Old World ideas and eastern mysticism, mingled with the chivalric pose of the ante-bellum southerner. The elder Travers had been a passionate lover of music, and when the boy grew up with the same passion, intensified into genius, the two spent their days over the violins.

"Travers, the elder, died very suddenly, and the boy, thrown back upon himself, became more of a recluse than ever, caring for nothing but his music and the long, lonely tramps through the green reaches of the swamp. Into the life of this dreamer came Margaret Kenneth, and the result was certain. Mrs. Kenneth awoke to the situation, and with the vision of my 'Irreproachable Vacuity,' a golden background, straightway decided to end the 'little flirtation.'

"There was quite a scene with Travers, who could not be made to see his possibilities in the light of improbabilities. There is no need to go into details. Those managing women always gain their end—especially when they fancy themselves in the right—as they usually do.

"The evening they left Margaret was missing for some hours, and the mother wisely refrained from questioning her, when she returned without offering any excuse for her absence. She came home still in that listless, apathetic mood. Months passed, and when the other man, 'The Vacuum,' resumed his attentions, she made no resistance until pressed to fix the time for her marriage. She then seemed greatly excited, but left the room, without anything marked in action or words. As soon as possible Mrs. Kenneth followed, and found her crouched down at the side of her bed in an agony of sobs. High fever ensued, and for days the frightened mother listened to the wild ravings of swamp scenes. The sunlight over the tawny lake—Travers, always Travers—and the 'Moonlight Sonata.'

"Over and over again the fever-shrill voice would call to him. Then she would listen and catch at her mother's hands.

"Don't you hear it? See! How the moon shimmers on the brown water! Ah, it melts into the violin—he is playing it to me—the 'Moonlight Sonata.'

"So the agony was fought out until the strong young body triumphed and she struggled back to the burden that had been almost laid down.

"I was very busy at the time and Mrs. Kenneth fancied that Margaret was always conscious of a strange presence, and was silent, so I knew nothing of the mental agony that had produced the attack. Mrs. Kenneth lost no time in hurrying the preparations for the wedding. You have heard the result.

"Idle curiosity or morbid interest prompted me to trace Travers. The outcome was astonishing. He was drowned the night of the Blythes' 'at home.' If you remember, the levees had broken, flooding a large area of the swamp lands.

"The last known of Travers, some negroes in the dug-out saw him sitting in the door of an old cabin that was built on one of those prehistoric mounds common in that section. He was playing his violin as they passed. The night the water rose several feet higher and carried away the cabin."

The doctor stretched a little, yawned, and then arose to fill his pipe.

"That is my answer to the question of psychic phenomena."—New York Telegraph.

Having brought the president and congress to terms on the eve of election, the pride of conquest moved the brotherhoods to declare they would order a country-wide strike if any attempt were made to repeal the wage-raising law, or even to test its constitutionality in the courts.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

A GOOD YARN OR TWO

Two large orchards, side by side, brought much profit to Farmer Turmut of Leeds, and much trouble, for the orchards were considered fair game by the boys of the village, and two orchards are harder to watch than one. One day, looking from one orchard to the other, Turmut saw a small boy shin down a tree and, uttering a word of warning to another imp still up among the apples, ran off. Turmut reached that tree in record time. "Got yer this time!" he roared to the boy almost hidden among the leaves. "Come down!" Getting no answer, and not being in a hurry, he sat down and waited. Time passed, and still he waited, until a servant brought him a note that had just been dropped into the letter-box. He did not wait after he had read it, as follows: "Some people 'as apples, some 'as sense. You bin wotchin' a pair of trowsis stuffed with straw, and we bin gettin' your apples from the other orchard. Great victory for sense!"

Representative Gardner, in an address in Providence on preparedness, said: "Before the looming danger of invasion the pacifist and the preparedness chaps are, respectively, like Willie and Johnny. Willie and Johnny had been very naughty and were sent to bed by their other. As they lay side by side footsteps were heard—it was now evening—and the two culprits realized that their father was mounting the stairs. They turned pale. 'I'm goin' to fold my hands as if I'd been prayin',' said Pacifist Willie, 'and then I'll pretend to be asleep when he comes in.' But Preparedness Johnny was already bustling swiftly about the room. 'I'm goin' to put on my pants,' he said, 'and line 'em with a newspaper.'"

As she stood outside the little country inn two great tears shone in her innocent eyes, tears so large that the passing cyclist saw them. Beauty in distress caused him to dismount and ask if he could be of any assistance. "I'm afraid not, thank you!" replied the damsel, sorrowfully, as she pointed to an automatic chocolate machine attached to the wall of the inn. "I've just put a penny in that thing and nothing has come out." "That's soon remedied!" said the young man, confidently. He slipped a coin into the slot, and then another. After the sixth he muttered angrily, raised his cap, and pedaled wildly away. As he disappeared a female face peeped round the door. "Any luck?" asked the owner thereof. "Oh, yes, ma!" replied the simple damsel, gayly. "That's the tenth. I've netted 50 cents since dinner time."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Angus MacBroth, the village innocent, stood outside the farmyard rubbing himself, while on the other side of the gate an infuriated bull pawed the ground savagely. "Did the black bull get ye?" asked the farmer anxiously as he came running up. "Did he?" snorted Angus. "D'ye no see I'm rubbin' mase?" But Ah'll get even wi' him, the brute!" Ten minutes later he returned to the farmhouse, his face spread in a smile. "A've got even wi' that black heart ower yonder?" "Whit wey?" asked the bull's owner. "Weel, I fist went tae the wee broon calf and fetched him a whack—sick a bonnie yin, tae—o'er the lug, an' says I tae him: 'Noo, gang an' tell yer feyther aboot that.'"

Rastus, an Alameda dorky, joined the church not long ago, professing to have seen a great light. A few weeks later his pastor heard that he had administered a beating to a fellow church member. So he took him to task about it, quoting the verse, "Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other." "Dat's all right," expostulated Rastus, "but he hit me in de middle—right in de stummick—an' de Bible doan say nuffin' erbout dat at all."



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